

## I Don't Wanna See You Cryin' Anymore

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/31545917) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/31545917>.

Rating:	<a href="#">Teen And Up Audiences</a>
Archive Warning:	<a href="#">No Archive Warnings Apply</a>
Category:	<a href="#">M/M</a>
Fandom:	<a href="#">Video Blogging RPF</a> , <a href="#">Minecraft (Video Game)</a>
Relationship:	<a href="#">Clay   Dream/GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Clay   Dream &amp; GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF)</a>
Character:	<a href="#">Clay   Dream (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">mentioned - Character</a> , <a href="#">Sapnap (Video Blogging RPF)</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">Age Regression/De-Aging</a> , <a href="#">Use of the word daddy</a> , <a href="#">Thumb-sucking</a> , <a href="#">Minecraft</a> , <a href="#">Soft Clay   Dream (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Hurt/Comfort</a> , <a href="#">Emotional Hurt/Comfort</a> , <a href="#">I'm Bad At Tagging</a> , <a href="#">No Beta</a> , <a href="#">inspired by an Adam Melchor song</a> , <a href="#">Self-Indulgent</a> , <a href="#">minecraft bee plush</a> , <a href="#">dream is shy</a> , <a href="#">but he loves george</a> , <a href="#">mac and cheese pog</a> , <a href="#">Fluff</a> , <a href="#">This is so soft</a> , <a href="#">soft</a>
Language:	English
Series:	Part 1 of <a href="#">Sweet Dreams</a>
Collections:	<a href="#">MCYT</a>
Stats:	Published: 2021-05-26 Completed: 2021-05-27 Chapters: 2/2 Words: 3212

## I Don't Wanna See You Cryin' Anymore

by [agcraphcbic](#)

### Summary

George slips up while recording with Dream

### Notes

this is heavily inspired by likeweusedto's little!George works they're perfect \*sob\*

I think I'm adding a part 2 to this later where they talk and stuff so yea!! let me know if anyone wants that :]

anyway, this is my first attempt writing age regression so go easy on me :')

and leave comments if u want they give me validation

# Chapter 1

It wasn't normal for George to get really irritated. Yeah, he would scoff with faux annoyance on streams to make chat feel bad, but everyone knew it was just for the bit. So it was very, *very* rare in a moment like this.

He was recording a video with Dream— Sapnap having decided to sit this one out in favor to stream Valorant with Punz all day —It was some dumb plugin that had to do with mobs, and it was quickly getting annoying the further in they got. George had gotten killed for what might've been the hundredth time now, but instead of playful banter he'd only groaned and buried his head in his hands.

One thing was when he got so stressed like this he usually acquired headaches. The other was unfortunate, when his head hurt and he wasn't feeling well his mind always felt a little hazy and fogged. That wasn't good, not now.

George was an age regressor, something he'd discovered earlier that year after a breakdown over a corrupted video file. After waking up on his bedroom floor in messy clothes and dried tears on his cheeks, he did research to find out what the hell was wrong with him.

He hated it. Only for himself, though. Seeing as it helped and made others happy, he had no problems with other people indulging. But when it came to George? It scared him. The thought of being... *small* was scary, he hated that he acted that way just because he couldn't handle a little headache or stress. Especially since he'd moved in with Dream and Sapnap, that was definitely something he couldn't do now. So he did his best to push it aside, only very rarely when he couldn't contain it he'd slip. When that happened, he'd slip *hard*. So that's why he'd wake up messy and uncomfortable, usually in an odd place that wasn't very suitable for sleeping.

Finally, he refocused on his recording and clicked respawn, only to be killed again not even a minute later.

"George! How do you keep dying?" Dream was wheezing his infamous laugh that usually had George in a fit of giggles too, but not now. He instead tangled hands in his fluffy fringe, an irritated whine slipped past his lips as his mind only clouded up further. He was slipping, and quickly too. "George?" His brain was fighting for control again, *not now, please*. Dream's words were hard to focus on. "Are you okay?"

"Hm?" George hummed, only half with it.

"I said, are you okay? We can try recording this later if you're getting frustrated."

"M fine, my head jus' hurts daddy—"

*Fuck*. That's not what he meant to say, *fuck*. He could've played off stumbling over his words, but really, George? *Daddy*?

"Shit. I gotta—"

"George, wait!" Dream tried to plead with George but he was already gone. The Discord call, recording, and Minecraft were all stopped swiftly while tears welled up in his eyes. Even worse, he was only slipping further because being small and careless was much more tempting right now than the stress of everything he'd just royally fucked up.

He had to get up, maybe take a cold shower. Yeah, that would crash him back to reality.

George shakily stood from his desk and wobbled his way into his connected bathroom, no doubt making some kind of ruckus on his way. He hadn't even closed the door before looking in the mirror, observing how his eyes were red and puffy from unshed tears, his hair was messy from where it was pulled, he was a mess. Everything was a mess, he just possibly outed one of the only things he vowed to keep out of his life to Dream of all people.

Dream was going to think he was a freak, maybe he'd tell Sapnap too and they'd make fun of him. Maybe, Dream would be cruel enough to decide he didn't want George here anymore. He could send George back across the Atlantic and never talk to him again.

Now struggling to breathe properly, George collapsed against the cabinets, fat tears spilled while he choked on ugly sobs. He was so helpless, his legs wouldn't work enough to pick himself back up, his mind was too fogged up with the fact his head hurt and he didn't feel good. Just like a child.

Dream had crept his way into George's bedroom after receiving no reply from knocking. The younger hated to intrude on George's privacy, especially when he wanted to be left alone, but he heard the noise from George stumbling into the bathroom and had gotten worried if the older male was okay or not.

Finding the brunette curled into a ball was not what he had expected, though. He was rocking back and forth, sobbing so quietly you almost couldn't hear the way he was struggling to breathe. Dream approached cautiously.

"George?" Fuck. George furiously shook his head, he wanted to say *no, leave me alone* but nothing came out, he couldn't form the words he wanted to. "I'm not mad at you George. Please look at me?" Dream now kneeled in front of the older boy, George peeked up at him through the sleeves of the hoodie that engulfed his smaller frame.

"No— you're g'nna hate me now..." He sniffled, wiping snot away from his nose messily. Dream cooed at him and shook his head.

"That's silly! I don't hate you, I'm just confused." Dream's smile was so warm and inviting, George almost broke and crawled straight into his arms.

"I didn't mean t— to say that. Tried t' hold it back but... but—" Though he was trying to explain the best he could, Dream couldn't understand a single thing he was saying. All of George's words came out slurred and jumbled, Dream couldn't help but smile and coo at him again.

"I just wanna help you, angel, will you let me help you? We can talk about this when your mind clears up. Is that okay?" Dream offered.

"S fine I guess..." George mumbled back. The way Dream spoke was so soft and gentle, it only lulled George further into his headspace that was begging to take over. And the deeper he went, the more his walls had crumbled to fall into the comfort of his best friend.

Dream finally came forward and slowly reached out, his hands found George's and helped release the pale fingers that were subconsciously gripping the fabric of the hoodie. He replaced the black fabric in his hold with his tanned hands, gently squeezing as a reminder to George. *I'm right here, I'm not leaving you.*

"Let's get you into bed, how does that sound sweet pea? Wanna take a little nap?" George nodded, the instant fatigue after having a meltdown like that was taking its effect. "C'mon then."

The blonde helped George stand, his knees still wobbly as he waddled back into his room with Dream at his side. Dream instructed him to sit on the bed which he complied, his thumb found its way into his mouth while he watched Dream move about the bedroom.

Dream knew what little space was, he wasn't the most educated but he had seen it around on Twitter, and even in a few fanfics that the fans were spreading around. He understood it and had no problems with it especially if George was apparently in little space. Even if he wasn't the most educated, he was still determined to help his best friend in any way he could. He also thought little George was pretty cute, but you didn't hear that from him

George was still confused. Even though he was easily complying and letting Dream dote on him, his little brain couldn't comprehend why he went small in the first place now.

Dream held George's water bottle in his hands now, popping the cap so the small straw popped up. Ironical that was the type of water bottle George liked.

"You said your head hurt baby, can you drink some for me? I imagine you can't take any painkillers until you're big, so this should help." George with his big, innocent, doe-like eyes nodded at Dream and started to sip with no arguments. After he'd basically drank the rest of the bottle, he gave it back to Dream. "That help at all angel?"

"Mhm, tank you, daddy." George slapped a hand over his mouth immediately, that part of his brain coming back to him. *Oh yeah, that's what got him here in the first place.* He quickly tried to apologize, but with slurred words, tears pricked his eyes again.

"Hey no, breathe George. Do you wanna call me daddy? Does that help you, honey?" Dream hushed him, a firm and warm hand was cupping his cheek. George nodded weakly, small whimpers surfacing to show his obvious fear. "Okay, you can call me daddy, baby. I'm not mad at you, okay? Daddy's here."

"Daddy!" George wailed with relief. His little mind was finally getting the comfort he had never received since the first time he toppled into his headspace. Someone was there for him— *Daddy* was here to help him. George blindly reached forward to grab for Dream which the younger immediately noticed. He crawled onto George's bed and collected the smaller in his arms, immediately cooing at the way George snuggled up to him.

It felt right for the both of them, even with the doubt and fear that wanted to tear George apart, Dream replaced that fog in his head with warm fuzziness that made him feel safe like he belonged here in his daddy's arms.

George yawned once his tears were reduced to light sniffles. His eyelids were steadily drooping as his thumb slipped into his mouth.

"Aww, are you tired sweetheart? Let's take a nap," Dream chuckled. He didn't even think twice about leaving George alone, it would be a challenge enough with the way the small boy was currently clinging onto him for dear life. He gently guided them to lay down in a more comfortable position, with George half on top of Dream and face nuzzled in his neck. Dream tucked the comforter around them and lazily rubbed George's back from underneath the hoodie, smiling as his eyes fluttered shut and breathing evened out.

He didn't mind this one bit.

## Chapter 2

### Chapter Summary

They talk about it, and Dream surprises George :)

### Chapter Notes

part two wow I speedran writing this, the bee mentioned may or may not be inspired by my huge Minecraft bee plush who I love dearly

also Dream is so soft goddamnit

maybe I'll write more for them in the future, leave a comment with your thoughts!! :]

George woke up feeling warm with gentle pressure on his back. His head was still a little fuzzy and he had a dull headache, but he was big again. He shifted a little to get comfier when something else was moving and— *oh yeah*. He remembered what situation he was in now. The pressure on his back was Dream's hand, which started to gently move in small circles as he woke up too.

"Mmh, you okay, baby?" Dream's voice was rough with sleep, combined with the pet name made George's cheeks flush with embarrassment.

"I'm uh— 'm big, Dream..." George mumbled.

"Oh." Dream's hand left George's back causing him to shiver with the sudden loss of warmth, he sat up slowly as Dream pulled away to give him space. "How do you feel?"

"Fine," his eyes finally met Dream's, whose were incredibly fond and still full of love for the brunette in front of him. "I'm uh— sorry, about all of that."

Dream scoffed and shook his head, a playful smile was etched on his face. He gently took George's hand as a form of comfort.

"Don't be sorry, silly. I have no issue with it, okay? Let's talk about it." George nodded in agreement, they did need to talk about it at least.

"I hate him."

"What?"

"I hate... little George." Dream looked genuinely confused, which he was. He didn't understand why on earth George wouldn't like someone as cute as little him, Dream knew he absolutely adored him. "The first time I uh— regressed... I didn't understand it. I couldn't take care of myself, I've never been able to. It makes me feel so vulnerable, it's scary. So I never let myself... yknow? I was just feeling so bad yesterday that I slipped and that's what made me say— yeah." George's cheeks were still tinted pink with embarrassment, especially thinking about what had

happened that day. What he *said*.

“That’s not good for you,” Dream hummed, “It’s not something you’re gonna be able to stop, you shouldn’t force yourself to be big all the time.” George just shook his head again.

“I can’t take care of myself. I refused to even let myself get anything to help, yknow? I see people online with uh... stuffed animals or pacifiers or bottles but I couldn’t let myself.”

Dream frowned, he hated to think George was in a way hurting himself because he didn’t have a true form of comfort. Being embarrassed about it certainly wasn’t gonna help.

“You know, I’d be willing to help you, Georgie. I didn’t mind it earlier, and I wouldn’t mind doing it again, or ever. I want to help you when you need it.” George furrowed his eyebrows in thought. Would he really be willing to let Dream see him like that again? See him babble like a baby, suck his thumb, call him— “I thought it was cute. And I meant it when I told you I was here, if you need me to be Daddy then I can be.”

George looked at him with big eyes, his blush spreading down his neck and up to the tips of his ears.

“Jesus, Dream.” He laughed, “Okay... Okay. Yeah, I think I might be okay with that.” He nodded, smiling back as Dream grinned at him. He looked ecstatic.

“The next time you’re slipping can you tell me? I’ll help you, however I can.” George nodded, chewing on his bottom lip while he thought it all over in his head. It’d be hard, but he was determined to make it work if it would make Dream happy. His head was already a little fuzzy just thinking about how he’d finally get the comfort he had craved for so long. “And we won’t tell Sapnap unless you want to. Promise.” That relieved him.

Dream opened his arms, inviting the older boy for a hug as he noticed him getting slightly less verbal. It wasn’t very likely he’d slip too deep again but while he was still not fully in his big mind, Dream was here for him.

“Why don’t we go get you some medicine for your headache now, hm? It’s probably time for some dinner anyway.” George hummed in agreement and allowed Dream to guide them downstairs, pale hand in freckled one.

\*\*\*

Since their talk George hadn’t regressed again, he had felt a lot happier and less stressed, which helped him stay away from his headspace immensely. It wasn’t until a couple weeks later he was getting swamped with editing that the stress was returning.

Dream had run to the store one evening on a snack run because both Sapnap and George were too busy to do it, and Dream *really* wanted some Oreos. While out though, he’d walked past one of those toy racks at the end of aisles that held stuffed animals. When a Minecraft bee caught his eye he bought it without a second thought.

George still didn’t have *anything* for his little self, he was still warming up to it in the first place so jumping on buying things wasn’t an option yet. If it was just a normal stuffed animal Dream probably wouldn’t have even thought about it, but given their jobs and it being a Minecraft plush made his impulses take over.

After he was home and in his bedroom with the plushie in his lap he really thought about it. There was a huge chance that George wouldn’t even like it, maybe call Dream an idiot and tell him he

didn't want it. But Dream wanted to see his baby happy, he hoped that maybe George would accept it and he'd finally have something for himself. Baby steps, they'd slowly move up to bigger things.

He wanted to offer it to George while he was big though, and while Dream still had a little bit of courage.

So, while he had the chance, Dream powered his way into George's room with the plush behind his back. George was still trying to edit and obviously slightly irritated with it, he barely noticed the blonde walk into his room.

"Oh, hey Dream," George hummed, pushing one side of his headphones off his ear so he could hear the other.

"You're still editing?" Dream asked.

"Yeah, I can't get this one part right. I think I'm gonna call it for the night so I can go eat or something, 'm hungry and haven't eaten today."

"That's a good idea, I can make dinner. I'm hungry too." Dream offered. His care for the older male extended beyond him being little and would extend to Sapnap on occasion too. It was in his nature to want to care for others, like making them dinner on nights they had time together.

"Sweet, let me just save this." George was closing out of his editing software while Dream anxiously fiddled with the toy still behind his back, he needed to get this over with.

"Uh, before you— before we do that... I uh, got you something." George raised an eyebrow at the younger but stayed silent so he could continue. Slowly, Dream brought the bee out from hiding and watched George's face morph with more confusion. "I saw it when I went out and bought it without thinking... I just thought little George deserved something nice."

George's face turned from confused, to happy, to pure adoration. Dream was so thoughtful and sweet, shame on him for thinking about George and his headspace. With nimble fingers and loving eyes, George made grabby hands for the stuffie, his mind going foggy with wonder for his new toy.

"Do you— do you like it?" Dream had handed it off to the brunette who admired it. He nodded happily, gently squeezing it into his chest to test how soft it was.

"I love it," he looked back at Dream now, "Think 's gonna make me slip, though."

That had Dream grinning. Truth was, he was excited to see little George again. He was dying to care for him.

"That's okay baby, you can slip if you need to. Why don't I go make us some dinner then?" George nodded excitedly, already slipping deeper into his headspace.

"Can I bring bee, Daddy?"

"Of course you can sweet pea. Sapnap's probably gonna be in his room for a while longer so we don't need to worry about him. How about I make us mac 'n cheese? That sound good?" George nodded again in agreement, making a grabby hand at Dream while the other was occupied holding the bee in his arm. "Aw, you want me to carry you? Come here."

Dream hoisted George into his arms with ease, the older was definitely light and easy for him to carry. Together, they made their way downstairs while George babbled to his stuffed bee about macaroni and how much he loved his Daddy.

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!